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2d Session } { No. 1515

ABRAHAM L. BRICK

(Late a Representative from Indiana)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES



Sixtieth Congress
Second Session

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
February 14, 1909

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
February 27, 1909

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DEATH OF HON. ABRAHAM L. BRICK

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

TUESDAY, April 7, 1908.

Mr. OVERSTREET. Mr. Speaker, it is my painful duty to announce to the House the death of my colleague, the Hon. ABRAHAM L. BRICK, Representative from the Thirteenth Congressional District of Indiana. At a later date I shall ask the House to set apart a suitable time to listen to appropriate testimonials on the life, character, and public services of the deceased. I now offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ABRAHAM L. BRICK, a Representative from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That a committee of sixteen Members of the House be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now recess until Wednesday, April 8 at 11.30 o'clock a. m.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to all the resolutions save the last.

The question was taken, and the resolutions, except the last, were unanimously agreed to.

In accordance with the resolution, the Chair appointed as a committee to attend the funeral Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Watson,

Mr. Crumpacker, Mr. Holliday, Mr. Chaney, Mr. Foster of Indiana, Mr. Gilhams, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Cox of Indiana, Mr. Gillett, Mr. Graff, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Hamilton of Michigan, Mr. Cole, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Alexander of New York.

The SPEAKER. The question now is on agreeing to the last resolution.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 6 minutes p. m.), the House was in recess until to-morrow at 11.30 a. m.

SATURDAY, *January 23, 1909.*

Mr. OVERSTREET. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the consideration of the following order.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Indiana asks unanimous consent for the consideration of the following order, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Order No. 19.

Ordered, That there be a session of the House at 3 p. m., Sunday, February 14, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Member of this House from Indiana.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and the order is agreed to.

SUNDAY, *February 14, 1909.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Conden, D. D., as follows:

Our Father in heaven, we meet here on this sacred day to fulfill a sacred mission. We are come to pay a tribute of love and respect to men who served with distinction their country in the

Congress of the United States, than which no greater service, if faithfully and efficiently done, can be rendered to one's country. Teach us how to be true to ourselves, how to be patriots in times of peace, how to be philanthropists, that we may feel bound to contribute something to our neighbor, to the public weal, and to the uplift of humanity; that we may be, indeed, followers of the world's great Exemplar, and departing, leave the world a little better than we found it.

Inspire the men who shall speak here to-day that they may bring out the sterling qualities of their departed colleagues; that they may be an example to those who shall come after them. Comfort us all with the blessed hope of the immortality of the soul, and be especially near to the families who mourn the loss of their dear ones that they may look forward with bright anticipations to a world where sorrows never come, and where they shall dwell together with their loved ones forever. And glory and honor be Thine through Him who revealed the immortality of the soul to the world. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order in reference to the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That there be a session of the House at 3 p. m. Sunday, February 14, for the delivery of eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Member of this House from Indiana.

Mr. CHANEY. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Indiana moves the adoption of the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Member of this House from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given to pay tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public service, the House at the conclusion of the memorial exercises of the day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. CHANEY, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER:

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

At the Republican convention of Indiana last spring ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was there, as he had been many times in his life, contributing his advice and enthusiasm to the great party to which we belong in preparation for another great campaign. We parted with him in the lobby of the New Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, expecting to meet him in this Chamber in a day or two to resume the duties here, when, instead, a message came on the swift wings of the lightning telling us that "ABE BRICK is dead." Though sudden and stunning the shock to us, what a blow it was to the wife and daughter, who were also waiting contentedly for his return to Washington. They are entitled to our sympathy, and we mourn with them.

In the midst of life we are in death.

But forty-eight years had passed with Mr. BRICK. He was endowed with a physical constitution equal to any of us, so that it might reasonably be expected many more years would be meted out to him. He was an Indianian, born under the skies of that great State, and possessed, in a superior degree, that milk of human kindness which true Hoosiers always share. He was richly blessed with a splendid human nature, and he believed in his fellow-men. He was not without his faults, like

with pride in our hearts that another son of Indiana has shed the luster of an honorable service in the high councils of our national life. His achievements were worthy, his life successful.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was a Republican in our politics. He believed in the doctrine that all men are created equal and equally endowed with inalienable rights. He believed in giving to every man an equal chance in the race of life with every other man. He believed in the schoolhouse and in intelligent liberty. He believed in one and the same law for rich and poor, high and low, white and black. He believed in progress, and hailed every progressive thing. He believed in American ideals, and cherished the hope that each succeeding year should outcivilize the old year. He contributed his humble part in the succession of great achievements while he sojourned here. He honored his country, his State, his neighbors, and he left an honorable name to our common civilization.

We bore his mortal remains to his beloved city, and left him with his friends, whom he loved and who loved him in return.

Peace to his ashes! A page to his memory, a tablet to his worth, a blessing on his household, and hail and farewell!

Adelaide Proctor has touched the real graces in *Per Pacem ad Lucem* and fittingly spread the aroma of the life of our deceased friend—

I do not ask, O Lord, that life should always be a pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring beneath my feet.
Too well I know the poison and the sting of things too sweet.

* * * * *

I do not ask that Thou should always shed full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may walk without a fear.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine through peace to light.

ADDRESS OF MR. DIXON, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: It has ever been the custom of civilized nations to mingle with their sorrow commemoration of the noble qualities of the dead. It is fitting that those who have served their country in public life, and especially those who have died while in that service, should have accorded them some permanent memorial of the personal regard and esteem felt by those who were associated with them and of the events in which they played so large and useful a part. The time-honored and beautiful custom of Congress enables us to turn aside for a brief period from the active and laborious routine of legislation and to give voice to our mingled feelings of sorrow and respect for our late lamented colleague and friend, HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

Born on May 27, 1860, in St. Joseph County, Ind., where to-day his ashes rest, he knew by experience the hardships and privations of the struggles of an ambitious son of the Middle West. His early education was in the public schools of his native county, and he graduated with honor from the high school of South Bend. With an ambition for a higher and broader education, with the determination to prepare himself more thoroughly for the active and responsible duties of his chosen profession, he sought the advantages of courses at Cornell, Yale, and Ann Arbor. He graduated from the latter institution and returned to his native county and entered the struggle for a practice in his profession.

Three years later he was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney, and his faithful discharge of its responsibilities and multifarious duties gave early promise of the capable and con-

scientious manner in which he performed the duties of the high office which he was later called to fill. His close application to his books, his painstaking attention to details, his fidelity to his clients, his strict integrity and charming personality brought him clients and enabled him to establish a large and lucrative practice. He was skilled in the trial of causes, courteous to his opponents, respectful to the court, and frank and open in his arguments to the jury. With these exceptional qualities, it is not surprising that his services were always in demand in important cases, and he leaves a name that will long be honored by the bar of northern Indiana.

As is usual in our State, the lawyer is called upon to participate in political battles, and Mr. BRICK rendered great service to his party in each campaign. His natural oratorical talent, his trained logical mind, quick in its analysis of public questions, his beautiful diction, his practical illustrations, and his passionate and enthusiastic appeals in behalf of Republican policies and principles made him the leading figure of his party in a district that had for years been the storm center of Indiana politics.

Mr. BRICK was not only a fighter on the firing line, but his advice was sought and followed in the councils of his party, both locally and in the State. In recognition of these qualities, he was nominated and elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress, and continued an uninterrupted service for nearly ten years, the longest period served by any Representative from his district.

His constituency looked with favor upon his ability and faithfulness, and loyally gave him their support each time he sought reelection. As a member of this House, he was placed upon important and responsible committees, and served with distinction on the Committees on Territories, on Naval Affairs, and later upon the Appropriations. Everyone familiar with

the business of this branch of Congress knows that these committees have to deal with the most comprehensive and intricate subjects of legislation, and exact of their membership the strictest application and industry. To these duties Mr. BRICK contributed his talents with unwavering fidelity. He shrank from no sacrifices, and never hesitated to give his time and mind to the labor of these committees. He sought no public display of the result of this work, and was always modest and unpretending in his intercourse with his fellow-Members. He but seldom took part in the debates on the floor, not because he was not equipped with knowledge of the subject and able to present his views with vigor and effect, but rather because he was diffident and retiring by nature, and of a demeanor and temperament which induced him to refrain from lifting his voice in debate and to exert his influence and impress his ideas in the committee room, where in fact all important, and particularly constructive, legislation is in reality framed. The services rendered by a Member of this House to his constituency and the country are not measured by the number of bills he introduces, nor in any sense determined by the speeches he delivers. The greatest and most lasting results are accomplished by earnest efforts in the committee, where learning, ability, and devotion to the best interests of the country, such as possessed by our departed friend, have their best opportunity to mold legislation and permanently to leave their impress upon the destinies of the Republic.

While it was through politics that Mr. BRICK secured his advancement and preferment, nevertheless he was a politician in the highest and broadest sense of that term. "A politician" does not mean in its proper sense one whose aims and ambitions are solely selfish and who seeks only his own advancement without regard to means or methods employed, but rather one

who has an intense interest in governmental affairs, fixed ideas as to policies and principles, ability to command the respect and win the confidence of men, and who seeks place and power in the hope that he can be of larger service to his fellow-men. With no other thought than the public good, no other ambition than the faithful performance of his duty, the politician is merged into the statesman, and such a politician and such a statesman was ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

It is impossible to state in formal phrase the many noble qualities that made up his splendid manhood, kindness, generosity, a loving disposition and an engaging personality. He had no malice in his heart toward any man, no envy in his thoughts, no treason in his dealings with his fellow-men. He was happy when helping others, and he had an unfailing charity toward all.

I was a member of the congressional committee appointed to attend the funeral of our late colleague, and I witnessed the solemn and impressive ceremonies with which his body was laid to rest. I noted the sincere grief felt by the people of his district over his death. Factories were closed, business was suspended, schools were dismissed, and the streets were for squares thronged with those who sought to pay their last tribute to their departed fellow-citizen. Persons of all ranks and classes jostled elbows in that crowd, and mingled the expressions of heartfelt sorrow that each felt in his death, and their admiration and love for his splendid character.

The people of his city had honored him in life, and they did not fail in his death to breathe the tenderest sentiments of affection and sympathy over his remains. No matter what the memorial shaft chosen to mark his grave may be, no matter how long it endures the elements and mutely stands bearing testimony of the departed, longer still shall his memory be

cherished and shall the spirit of the man that was and the good he wrought live in the hearts of the people whom he served. In the words of Tacitus—

Whatever we have loved in Agricola, whatever we admired in him, remains and shall remain in the minds of men, in the duration of the ages, and the renown of great events.

The last word is said. Human hands can do no more; human sympathy can share but never still the pangs of broken hearts.

I append portions of the beautiful tribute to Mr. BRICK delivered by the Rev. Henry Webb Johnson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of his home city, who was his lifelong friend and neighbor:

TEXT.—Sceat thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings. (Proverbs, xxii 29.)

I said to a friend a moment ago that I could hardly realize that our friend is gone. The letter that I hold in my hand, received from him a few days ago, makes it difficult for me to realize that he is not with us. When he wrote it he was in the prime and splendor of his powers. A deep shadow is upon our city. A life work is done. While the years of our fellow-citizen have not been many his labors have been multiform. We are never to measure a life by its years, but by the noble deeds performed. Achievements measure the value of a life.

Behind the success of our fellow-citizen there were years of preparation. He was born under the sky of our county. Many here to-day have watched his movements and marked his progress from his very cradle. In the early years there was born in his heart an ambition to make something of himself. He thirsted for knowledge. To acquire an education he was willing to cross every rough sea and to climb every lofty height. The great statesman after whom he was named, on his way from the log cabin to the White House, never worked harder for an education than did Mr. BRICK, our fellow citizen and friend. He was endowed with large natural gifts, but he well knew that the most royal talent must have discipline and culture. Our Angelos who chisel our marble, our Raphaels who paint our pictures, our Shakespeares who write our poetry, our orators who speak for us in the name of liberty must toil long and patiently. Without diligence our feet shall never stand in the presence of kings.

He possessed in a high degree the literary instinct, and wielded a graceful pen. His was a brilliant imagination, and he was a poet in temperament. He drank of the wells of a Byron and of a Burns and of a Charles Lamb. Charles Lamb appealed to him most strongly. His crumbs were better

than some men's whole loaves. The fact that Charles Lamb cared so patiently for his invalid sister clothed his essays and poems with new charms for Mr. BRICK. In conversation once with my friend, I told him an incident that was associated with Mr. Lamb that affected him deeply. Poets, orators, artists, and authors were once dining with Mr. Lamb. As the conversation flagged one of them said, "What would you do, Mr. Lamb, if William Shakespeare were to step into our presence?" He replied, "I would stand to my feet and exclaim, 'All hail, thou greatest of poets'" "But what would you do if the Christ of the New Testament should come into this room?" He replied, "Of course, I should receive Him upon my knees."

When he had achieved an honorable fame among the great men of the Nation, then did he stand before kings. There are real kings who do not wear crowns and wave scepters and live in palaces. The words "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings," are fulfilled when we stand in the presence of true greatness.

But what a friend was he. What a patriot. How loyal to the friends he loved. Warm in his sympathies, appreciative of the smallest kindness. A gentleman in his instincts. He had his faults, but his good qualities overbalanced his bad qualities. We shall miss his genial personality and his manly presence. We are all glad that we have known him. What a spontaneous tribute to his memory do we see here to-day. His distinguished associates in Congress are here to pay the final tribute of their affection and appreciation. With thousands of fellow-citizens I passed through the court-house yesterday, where his body lay in state. Every man, woman, and child was sympathetic. I was impressed with the beautiful flags that made the very air throb with patriotism. Let us clothe him with the flag of his country, which he loved, to which he was so true, and for which he would have died, and let us weave another flag, the flag of charity, out of our heart's best affection, and throw its folds around him. With these two flags let him rest.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

ADDRESS OF MR. ALEXANDER, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: In the few minutes allotted me I shall speak of Mr. BRICK, not as a Representative, although I regarded him one of the ablest Members in this House; nor as a lawyer who came here with a reputation second to none in the section of Indiana where he resided; nor as an affectionate husband and devoted father whose life seemed wrapped up in the daughter of whose mental gifts he was so justly proud; nor as the friend of his constituents, whose respect, shown to his memory by crowded streets and a thronged procession on the funeral day, indicated that they, among whom he was born, understood the rare qualities of his head and heart.

But I shall speak of him rather as one whom I knew with something of the intimacy that one mind knows another after each, with absolute candor, has exposed its inmost thoughts. For six or seven years ABE and I lived at the same hotel. Many evenings were we together. Before an open, crackling wood fire, comfortably seated in rocking chairs, with the blue smoke of our cigars curling and circling about us, we talked of men, of books, of nature, and of eternity. He was a lover of the best literature. His tranquil and pretty home in South Bend, with its large and carefully selected library, showed that he wrought in the pure literary spirit.

A delicate and an acute critic of style, his discussion of it vividly illustrated by recitals that seemed to blend them with his own words, made an hour as enjoyable as the talk of George William Curtis in the old "Easy Chair" of Harper's Weekly. An index to his taste is found in the scrapbook, which he guarded with the jealous care that a Lassan protects his holy city, and

which is a storehouse of thoughts that can never die. Poetry, art, letters, the higher politics, take their place freely and naturally beside philosophy, morals, and history, but in it are pasted only the selections that show careful and conscientious work, critical discrimination, and the dainty form that culture gives to written words. No one can turn the pages of this rare book without recognizing scrupulous attention to a very high standard. It revealed his mental appetite, his aspirations, the thoroughness of his training, and the constancy of his moral impulse. Judged by its standards, and by the unfailing self-respect that characterized his thoughts in heart-to-heart conversations, he was as anxious to be right as he was determined in what he had decided to be right.

His personality counted for much. He was of a singularly simple and consistent nature, sincere and kind, and sensitively sympathetic. Free from bitterness, without varying moods, and nursing neither prejudices nor resentments, one felt in intercourse with him only the substance and reality of companionship.

Those who entered his inner life felt the charm of an open mind, vigorous and sane, which loved to analyze men of achievement, getting at the spring from which they drank, finding the secret of their strength, and tracing in the mastery of their work the influence of obstacles which they encountered. He was an optimist as well as an idealist. That is to say, he believed in the best, declaring that it was imperative always to pursue it and possible ultimately to attain it. This could be gathered from the range of his subjects disclosed in the scrap-book, as well as from his talk, illustrated with the aid of a memory as sound as it was ready, showing his wide reading and the ease with which his mind assimilated and made it his own.

Mr. BRICK liked nature. He took his rooms on the west side of the hotel that he might have a glimpse of McPherson Park, a miniature mixture of the choicest trees, the tenderest shrubs, and the most delicate flowers in Washington. He loved to be alone in the country. The trees were company enough. A little pond with its tiny ripples, a babbling brook, the ever-changing clouds floating above him, or the cattle on a distant hill bathed in the sunlight satisfied him. He once told me of a visit to Atlantic City, where he did nothing for a week but look out upon the ocean and watch the waves chase each other to the shore. He was particularly susceptible to a sunset. He loved the twilight, the tinkle of the bell upon the returning herd, and the shadowy outline of a church thrusting its steeple above the fresh foliage. At such moments he was in imagination at Stoke Poges, and the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* came involuntarily to his lips. But he also enjoyed the wild.

The low threatening cloud, the raging storm, the wild swaying of the trees, and the downpour of the rain held him by the hour at the window as in a trance. He easily yielded to the influence of untamed nature, which requires supreme effort to know. He had seen little or nothing of it himself. Our midnight climb a year ago last summer to the summit of Haleakala, on one of the Hawaiian Islands, was the most adventurous event of his life, he said; but his love for the wild took him in thought among mountain peaks where only the eagle lives, through Alaskan winters and their strenuous conditions, and with Rudyard Kipling into the attractive life of the jungle. The *Call of the Wild* interested him because it harked back to the original in nature, showing in animals, perhaps, the inherent governing qualities that dominate men when isolated from the ripening and refining influences that make for civilization and peace. To him *White Fangs*, representing the wild in its evo-

lution, likewise appealed. The cruel pictures did not please, nor the impossible feats of strength, but the wild, strange life, thrust into sight like an upheaval of ice churned and stiffened into fantastic shapes, riveted his thought upon the war that goes on among the survival of nature's fittest.

He might be called a "gentle Elia;" yet he was not wholly content with literature as a mere source of enjoyment. His deepest pleasure was in its substance and in the inspiration it breathed into his life. Nor was he wholly satisfied with the exquisite and truthful nature pictures of John Burroughs. His mind was essentially vigorous, and of a fiber as firm as it was fine. He enjoyed a contest at the bar, on the hustings, and in this House. He could easily have become a reformer. It is doubtful, however, if one possessing the variety of his intellectual sympathies could have become an agitator, with its narrowness and monotony.

Others have spoken of his gifts of speech, and surprise was sometimes expressed that he did not oftener address this House. In the first years of his service, before attachment to one of the great committees, his voice was frequently heard in debate, but he gradually yielded to the rule governing most Members who work upon important committees, of speaking only when measures are before the House which come from their committees or about which they are especially informed. Such Members do not fill the Record. It is easy to criticise an item in a supply bill the purpose of which lies upon the surface and opposition to which requires neither research nor special information. Such debate did not interest Mr. BRICK. He held himself in reserve to aid only when help was needed to enlighten, and then he presented the information and argument learned by hard work in the committee room. He was at once free and measured. He had rare skill in the presentation of

facts, and if at times caustic, he was never noisy, nor unfair, nor conceited.

It is needless to say that he was not sectarian. Neither was there any taint in his mind of narrowness or bigotry. He believed in God and in the survival of personality after death. He cared little for later-day psychical research and its spiritistic theories, but he had an abiding faith that the spirits of just men live on, striving to attain the best and not unmindful of those who are soon to follow them. He believed, with the poet, that—

They see the face of God, and know at last
The thing they sought,
But could not find, in this gray light of time;
They tread with holy feet that far-off elime;
They live with God.

And we who follow them are not forgot,
They know our life;
The memory of years once lived upon these lands,
Where we still toil with weary feet and hands,
Is sacred still.

(The Faces of our Dead, by Pascal Harrower. The Outlook, April 18, 1908.)

ADDRESS OF MR. LLOYD, OF MISSOURI

MR. SPEAKER: When it is least expected many times the final summons to meet the enemy of life is heard. The person in whose memory we meet presented a case directly in point. A few days before he breathed his last he was apparently in splendid health, but the vital spark went out and left the body cold in death.

He was in middle age—in the prime of life. He had much to encourage him to live, but no allurements of life could withstand the forces which held him in their fatal grasp.

MR. BRICK had always lived in St. Joseph County, Ind. He came up through its schools in his preparatory work and later attended Cornell and Yale universities, and graduated in law at Ann Arbor, Mich., in 1883. He at once began the practice of law in his home town, South Bend. He was prosecuting attorney of the counties of La Porte and St. Joseph, and had been in Congress about nine years prior to his death. I knew him during his stay in Congress and served on the Committee on Territories with him.

MR. BRICK was a man of good ability and strict integrity. What he undertook to do he did well. If one will examine the bill to give a delegate in this body to the district of Alaska, which was favorably reported, he will find a strong and forceful presentation of the rights of the Alaskans and in favor of the passage of the bill. It will give something of insight to the caution which swayed him, and the painstaking investigation made about a matter in which he nor his constituents had any personal concern. He was partisan in politics, but patriotic always. When the proposition was before Congress for the

admission of Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona to statehood as two States, I remember, in conversation with him as to the merits of the bill, he remarked: "I always follow my party on a matter of policy."

His name indicates a parental appreciation of one of the greatest characters in American history—Abraham Lincoln. With him as their ideal, it is safe to assume that they were loyal, devoted citizens, in full accord with the sentiments which dominated the life of him whose name shines forth as a great beacon, preeminently more striking than the average of the heroes and sages of this Republic.

Mr. BRICK was cautious and methodical, honest and truthful. His integrity was never questioned in any particular, so far as I have information. He had some frailties among his many virtues, it may be, but if so, let him who has no faults condemn. His life shines out with the greater luster the more you study it. He was most appreciated by those who know him best. Never offensive, always affable and pleasant, his association tended to good cheer and his counsel to better living. He was devoted to his wife and child. A few days before his departure he told me how rejoiced he was at his daughter's success in school, and expressed the thought that he was living now for his child and her mother. What higher purpose could prompt a man! What love more sacred—what relation more dear! The wife who gives up all to accept the lot and share the fate of man, and the child which comes into the home to share the joint affection; it becomes the truest bond of union; the strongest incentive for unusual endeavor; and the cause of the exhibition of that which is noblest and best in man. Mr. BRICK lives in the memory of men, but nowhere more constantly than in the lives of the wife and daughter left behind. Man may philosophize about the hereafter and its desirability, but no

stronger reason can be given than that the afflicted family circle may be reunited. In times of distress and grief there is no sweeter thought than that separation shall cease and that perpetual reunion shall follow the resurrection morn.

To his colleagues on this floor, for whom he had an abiding friendship and personal interest, his taking was a serious loss. These may each say, "My friend has gone." What monument more enduring than friendship; what examples more enchanting than the exhibition of genuine friendship? David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, are noted illustrations of the strength of the cord which binds men in sympathetic and unselfish interest, but thousands of such characters may be found in the world. Mr. BRICK was true to his friends and consecrated to their welfare. I remember well a little incident which exhibits what I believe was his freedom from selfishness. On separating a few years ago I had a slight throat affection, which resulted in constant hoarseness. He said, "If you will permit me, I can send you the medicine which will overcome your trouble," and explained what it was. He said he would send me some of it when he went home. I thanked him and thought no more about it. In a day or two after I reached Missouri I received the remedy which he believed would relieve. This little incident, like so many in *Holy Writ*, helps to point out the real elements of genuine character which, carried to the extreme, would cause the man to die for his friend.

No man could have seen the unusual demonstrations of affection in South Bend on the day of his burial—the holiday from business, the unusual large concourse of people who sought to pay their respect to the dead, with the streets lined with people for miles, and the occasional outburst in audible tones, "BRICK was a good fellow," "I loved ABE," "He was one of my best friends;" in fact, the repeated evidence of real affliction and

grief on every hand—without realizing that a good man had been called away to that place from whence no man returns.

In the death of Mr. BRICK many lessons are found for the surviving. In the life of Mr. BRICK was much that was worthy of our emulation. Your friend and mine has gone, but is not forgotten. His work for his country was patriotic and helpful. His constituents were the beneficiaries of his best endeavors; his town was a source of pride. Mr. BRICK rejoiced in the loyalty of his friends, but he was best of all within the home, which I believe is the real test of genuine manhood. The family unit is the hope of the Republic, the perpetuity of family ties the enduring monument which man builds for country, the homage and devotion to the inmates who are there to bless is the touchstone which separates the genuine from the false, and the love of wife and child is the culmination of the highest and noblest that can assert itself in human life.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOLLIDAY, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: I desire to place a few wreaths upon the tomb of a man whom I loved well. While I indorse everything said in regard to his ability as a statesman, so well and ably stated by my colleagues, my mind to-day does not dwell upon that part of his career. I rather prefer to think of our warm personal friendship. When I first came to Congress he had already obtained a considerable influence in this body. I remember the greeting that he gave me and I remember how thoroughly I appreciated it. I came here thoroughly conscious of my limitations, diffident, morbidly sensitive, and it would have taken but little on the part of my colleagues who were here to have made me miserable. I am glad to be able to say without a single exception they gave me a warm and cordial welcome, and undertook to help me in every way possible to become a useful Member of this body, and to none other am I indebted more greatly than to our deceased comrade. Like my distinguished friend from New York, I love to think of him as a student and a reader of literature. He drank deeply of the well of English, pure and undefiled; from Spenser to Tennyson he was familiar with the British poets, and was master of their subtlest thoughts and sweetest expressions.

I loved to get within the cloakroom, or at his hotel, or anywhere we could meet, and have him recite and review his favorite poets. Never a Shakespearean scholar myself, I got my best conceptions of the work of the great dramatist by the interpretation placed upon them by Mr. BRICK. And with the renaissance of literature, which came to the American writers with Emerson, and Lowell, and Whittier, and Longfellow, and

the great men who have embellished the history of literature of this country, he was also equally familiar. And it was not merely in a general way. He was not omnivorous in his reading; it was not mere academic reading. He would assimilate what he read. He was able to gather up the thoughts of the poets and he was able to give them expression. He was a personal friend of Lew Wallace, George Ade, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, and the other men who have contributed so much to bring a literary distinction to our own great Commonwealth. He knew them, recognized them, and, like every other Indianian, was proud of what they had brought of fame to our State. I remember a curious coincidence, that when my friend from New York and myself were returning from Mr. BRICK's funeral our thoughts naturally turned toward him, having just seen him placed in his coffin, and we talked, not of his work, not of his law practice, not of his duties in this House, but we talked of his books.

It seems so natural, in thinking of Mr. BRICK, to think of the authors that he loved, whose beauties he had selected, whose sweetness he had culled, whose glories he had cultivated. He had the poetical instinct without the poetical faculty. He breathed the very aroma of the highest literature of this land and of all other lands. There is something good about that kind of a man. You never saw a thoroughly bad man who loved the great classics of English literature.

He had his weaknesses, and it seems to be a strange fatality that the minds most finely attuned sometimes the most readily yield to extraneous influences. But he had a delicate mind, had a spiritual soul, and if he was not always able to keep himself keyed up to the highest ideals of which he dreamed and for which he wrought, let us forget it. He loved his books; he loved nature. He was a devoted husband, he was a devoted father, and he was an excellent citizen.

Mr. BRICK was many years my junior. Owing to our warm friendship, owing to our close and constant intimacy and companionship, I believed that some day he would attend my funeral. I never dreamed I would attend his.

But men come and men go, and these things bring to us more closely the awful certainty of death. And in the presence of that great shadow how little our bickerings, how little our disputes, how futile our ambitions are! It comes with still greater force to those of us who have climbed to the summit of life and feel ourselves rapidly going down on the other side. Young men in the prime of life and usefulness have gone from this body since I have been here and some of we old men still remain.

But, after all, a real manly man never lives in vain, no matter where he is placed. The fact that Mr. BRICK was a Member of Congress was a mere incident. He led men because God had made him a natural-born leader of men. He went to the front because his place was at the front. He would have gone to the front in any occupation or any station in life.

Let us forget his imperfections and weaknesses. Let us emulate his virtues and his good qualities, and let us rest in supreme confidence upon that God in which he believed, because, after all, in the face of the mighty leveler there is only one consolation, and that is the trust in the divine and overruling Providence.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His loving care

ADDRESS OF MR. CRUMPACKER, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: HON. ABRAHAM L. BRICK was my intimate personal friend for more than twenty years, and I would be remiss in my obligation to that friendship if I did not add a word of tribute to his life and character on this memorial occasion.

Before either of us became a Member of this body we were frequently associated together, and occasionally opposed to each other in the trial of cases in the courts of Indiana. He was an able lawyer, a strong advocate, and his professional career reflected the highest and best ideals in the administration of justice. While he had no sympathy with unfair or dishonest methods in the practice of law, he was a master in marshaling facts, in persuasive and convincing argument, and in the subtle strategy of the forum. He translated his high conception of the ethics of his profession into worthy acts and noble deeds. His temperament was peculiarly artistic, his nature was noble and refined. He was familiar with the world's master works of literature and art; he loved everything that tended to elevate thought and refine feeling. His ripe scholarship, his broad culture, his dignified reserve were not mere embellishments, but were powerful weapons in his moral and intellectual armory in waging conflict in the cause of justice and righteousness.

His manner was always gentle and his heart was kind and tender. Generosity of spirit and sympathy for the unfortunate were conspicuous qualities of his nature. He was modest in pretension, but ample in power of execution. His purpose was to live broadly and deeply, and to dwell in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and of man. His ambition was to make

the highest and best use of the talents committed to his keeping, and to contribute to the world more than he received from it.

He entered public life, not for honor or emolument, but because it afforded a broader field for the exercise of his faculties and increased his opportunities to promote the interests of the social body. He was an industrious, conscientious Member of this assembly, doing his work largely in the committee room, where legislation is really initiated and fashioned and where real statesmen wield their greatest influence in making laws. His passion was love of country, and he enjoyed the work of investigating public questions and shaping laws and policies to advance its welfare. His religion was love of mankind, and his creed was embodied in the words of Abou Ben Adhem:

I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.

He died in the prime of a useful life, with the sun of his hopes and aspirations at its zenith. His career was a credit to his State and Nation, his death a distinctive loss to both.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAMILTON, OF MICHIGAN

MR. SPEAKER: ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK died at the age of 48 years, in the fullness of his mental powers, mourned by the people of his State and district.

On the day on which his body was carried to the tomb the whole population of the city where he had lived and worked and struggled upward stood along the line of the procession with heads bowed in sorrow.

It was a day in spring, when a trembling heat had begun to shimmer in the sunlight across green fields and a smell of new grass was in the air.

It was one of those days when a man seeing the renaissance of the world about him wishes there might also be a renaissance for mankind.

This yearly renewal of life was mysterious to primitive man, and the mystery and the wonder of it have not ceased to civilized man.

For centuries philosophers have philosophized and scientists have speculated concerning the origin of life, but it has always baffled them.

No life has ever been found to originate itself.

Who, then, sowed life upon this planet and who fitted it for the development of life and the evolution of reason, the crown of life?

It may have come by chance, but it is easier to believe that an orderly universe is the result of an orderly Intelligence than it is to believe that an orderly universe is the result of chance.

To suppose, then, that the Power that set this planet spinning in space as one of many planets in one of many solar systems moving through space subject to law;

To suppose that the Power that sowed life upon this planet and fitted it for the evolution of reason;

To suppose that the Power that created finite reason and therefore must be infinite reason;

To suppose that such a Power, infinitely wise, infinitely reasoning, would create reasoning beings, with thoughts, hopes, and aspirations caught from the Infinite only to make them the sport of circumstance for a little time and then to let them "lie in cold obstruction and to rot" in the grave, is to suppose a Power of infinite cruelty.

Plato taught long ago that the human soul neither begins nor ends.

But whether human life here is a beginning or whether "birth is but a forgetting" of some previous existence, men—grouping for knowledge, searching the Book of Life and finding that nothing is lost in nature's infinite mutations—have come to believe, what for centuries was only a hope, that death is only a transition, and that life here is only a phase of continuing existence.

Thousands of years ago Job propounded the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" and years afterwards Paul, the apostle, made answer: "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

And it came to pass that on a Sunday morning long ago, the third day after the crucifixion, two women on their way to the Savior's tomb were wondering who should "roll away the stone from the door of the sepulcher" for them, but "as they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away." When that stone

was rolled away it opened an avenue upward for the hope of all mankind. Therefore—

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends;
* * * what the women love,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting.

I had talked these things over with BRICK many times, the last time on a train as we were crossing a vast sweep of arid plain on our way west, and if he could hear me still groping about these problems which he has solved, I fancy he would smile a little.

He had thought much not only concerning this "unending, endless quest" for immortality, but he had read widely and studied deeply in many directions.

He was learned in the law, and in the practice of his profession realized Bacon's idea that every man is "a debtor to his profession; that as from it he derives profit and consequence, so he should endeavor to make amends by being to it a helper and an ornament."

I always liked BRICK because he was modest and genuine and was not always advertising without regard to his ability to fill the bill.

So far as history will take account of us, we are most of us mere items in the census list, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain kind of flamboyant mediocrity to make itself conspicuous by press-agent publicity.

I think hard work inspired by devotion to principle will win in the long run, but it does not get its pay every Saturday night.

And when work is bending over its task it not infrequently hears a loud noise and, turning around, discovers that some other kind of genius has won.

There is no pursuit in the world where the talent of the fakir gets quicker results than in politics, but, on the other hand, there is no place where a sham shrinks to its true value more quickly than in a responsible political position.

BRICK was the kind of a man who would not resort to the craft of the political advertiser while alive, and now that he is dead he would not want us to exaggerate his virtues.

The truth is enough. He was a brave, honest, truthful, genuine man.

ADDRESS OF MR. GILHAMS, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: Whatever may be life's pathway, each of us must meet the last milestone. Time flies and the world moves on, but meet it we must. The solemnity of this hour is coupled with the thought of those who have met the last milestone, among whom is my friend and colleague, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK.

Of his early life I am not able to speak, as I never came in contact with the people of the community in which he lived nor had opportunity to learn it from him. It had not been my pleasure to know him prior to my service in Congress, but I had known of him through his many friends.

Wherever he had gone in the practice of his profession he was held in high esteem and warm remembrance by all. It was his inborn characteristic and good fortune to at once gain the respect, admiration, and love of all with whom he came in contact. He was always spoken of in the highest terms for his ability and integrity as a lawyer while actively engaged in the practice of his profession in his own and the thirty-fourth judicial circuits of Indiana. Everywhere he received the highest encomiums, and was early recognized among the practitioners of the bar to be an excellent lawyer and an able advocate.

He was genial, kind, and loving; full of warmth for everyone; appreciative of the kindly spirit that was manifested toward him from time to time, with a keen sense of integrity, honor, and justice, and a generous appreciation of his fellow-men. He was earnest, honest, and capable, and sincerely desirous of serving his constituents well; of unusual capacity for preparation and to do well that which he undertook to do. He was

always easy of approach and never in the slightest degree exclusive, and held himself at all times on a par with the humblest of his constituents, with whom he met from day to day.

Because of these qualities he early gained recognition. Nature, in its kindness, had endowed him with excellent capabilities, and early age found him climbing the ladder of success.

His tastes were distinctly intellectual. He was an extraordinary student of literature, and he was unusually responsive to the flashlights of the historian and the voice of the poet. His power to analyze the thought of an author and to turn it to his own use was always noticeable in all his work. He was not a seeker of notoriety. He was not sensational, but was always modest and unassuming, and was content with doing his duty each day in a manner which he believed would assist the people. He had a keen sense of humor and ready wit, and was, all in all, a generous, noble fellow.

Simplicity of character remained with him whom we commemorate to-day. He was born of common parents whose lineage was of the common people, and to the common people he was constantly drawn, and never held a spirit of exaltation above them. To him it was a pleasure to serve, and his constituents, however humble, found an obliging and ready helper.

To know ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was to feel the warmth of a noble and generous heart and enjoy the pleasure of his personal charm. He was as a brother to those who were fortunate in knowing him—broad in fellowship and deep in love and sympathy for all. Nothing could have proclaimed more surely and emphatically the high regard and affection of his people than did the action of his home city and district in the filial welcome of his mortal remains and the loving affection and tearful burial of all that was earthly of their fellow townsman and foremost citizen.

In everyone we find characteristics which mark the true and noble impulses. They are the sentinels which proclaim the man to his friends, the community, and perchance, to all the world. They speak for quality, as nobility, justice, truth, love, and gentleness. These are some of the attributes that were strongly marked in our friend and colleague, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, and which endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. How often do we find those whom the populace has raised to conspicuous position exhibit qualities that are ignoble, ostentatious, and vainglorious; but it was not so with our colleague and friend, who wore the honors well.

From my observation of him on the floor of the House, I would judge he was not given to much speaking; but when called upon to defend his constituency, or in defense of his position upon questions before the House, he was clear, able, and forceful, speaking with earnestness and feeling.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was fortunate in the representation of a district composed of a sturdy, rugged, and industrious people, of fine moral integrity and intellectual attainments, out of which has come some of the strongest and ablest men of the State; a district that has always been a great force in the State's affairs, producing some of the ablest men in its history; men who have not followed, but have led in the work of both State and Nation in the fields of legal jurisprudence, agriculture, and manufacture.

To be chosen as the Representative of such a district is indicative of the ability and character of the man. Character is that silent, unseen force always felt and known of all men. It is always preceding us, proclaiming our virtues and our possibilities. It is the silent messenger, standing at the door of opportunity and proclaiming our rights to enter. 'Tis the conqueror of adversity and, although it might be outgenerated for

a day, its power of recuperation is marvelous, and success is attained at last.

It has been well said by a philosopher in years past, that :

Rashly, nor oft-times truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother,
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the
mind.

And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the
sword,

When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided the right,
When the footsteps of blinded innocence were tracked by burning plow-
shares,

And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard to the stake:
For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be,
Fixing the right or the wrong by the issues of failure or success.
Judge not of things by their events; neither of character by provi-
dence;

And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate:
For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of pros-
perity.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK has passed over to the other side into the great unknown, but toward which all mankind has looked forward to with contemplative eye, hoping that he might catch a vision, and thereby obtain a clearer perception of eternal destiny, and so we will continue to believe and hope that "death did not come to our colleague bearing in his hand the sickle of destruction, but the scepter of immortality." It has been said by the philosopher Tupper:

That we are of earth for a day, but an heir of the universe forever!
For neither the congealing of the grave, nor 'gulphing waters of the firmament,

Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change
Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the soul within thee!

Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay tree of existence;
A word from wisdom's mouth that can not be unspoken;

A ray of love's own light; a drop in mercy's sea.

A creature marvelous and fearful, begotten by the fiat of omnipotence
I that speak in weakness and ye that hear in charity

Shall not cease to live and feel, though flesh must see corruption,

For the prison gates of matter shall be broken, and the shackled soul go
free

Forever, happy fate, to ripen into perfectness, forever!

ADDRESS OF MR. BARNHART, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: What a sunshine and what a shadow is life! To-day we are in the midst of activity and usefulness, and to-morrow our faces and our favors are known no more forever. Truly it has been said that man cometh forth, like the flower of the field, only to fall, in the full bloom, before the blighting edge of the sickle of death. Also truly it has been said that man's work doth follow him. And notwithstanding the awful truism that "in the midst of life we are in death," there is great inspiration and hope in the assurance that death does not end all, and that usefulness and devotion to duty, in whatever sphere of life, is the richest legacy that can be left to posterity, and that loyalty to friends and country has its bountiful reward, both here and hereafter.

With a magical name and a wealth of industry, ambition, and love of fellow-men, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, to whom we give panegyric here to-day, came into the field of life's activities equipped for leadership in an advantageous way. He was not only blessed by nature and environment with qualification for the larger sphere of usefulness in his community and his country, but he diligently enlarged his possibilities by studious research, until his ability shone in distinguished splendor and he was called, step by step, to the highest councils of his illustrious country.

It was not my pleasure to know him intimately, as many of you, sirs, who served with him here beneath this great dome, the emblem of supreme sovereignty throughout the world, but I did know him to be ambitious to serve his country well, and while he was a stalwart in politics, he was magnanimous to all

or opposite faith, and he followed his party leaders only so far as he thought them to be right.

Born of intellectual and sturdy parentage, he was endowed with a desire to get knowledge, and after securing a high-school education he achieved scholastic finish at Cornell, Yale, and Michigan universities, and entered upon a successful career as a lawyer. Soon after he was elected to responsible judicial calling, and later enjoyed the distinguished honor of being elected to Congress and reelected four times. And of his services here and of his devotion to his duty, to his friends, to his country, and to the heroes who stood by the Union in its time of peril, an old soldier, with a crown of snow-white hair over a heart of gold, says:

I care not how great his predecessors were, no Congressman ever did more for his district than ABRAHAM L. BRICK. He knew the wants of his constituents, and none ever worked harder for the poor and afflicted than he. No Congressman ever loved and cared for the old soldier more than he, and no one had a greater reverence for the flag of his country—this not so much for its triumphs of 1776, 1812, and 1846, but for its blood stains for the perpetuity of this Union. His motto was, "If you can not say good of one, say no evil." Hence, he always had some extenuating circumstance for the man who may have gone wrong. His badge of love and humanity's heraldry reclines on thousands of breasts whose hearts have felt. Therefore if, after his life of love, he is but dust, he needs no tears. Then all the eulogies, monuments, and cenotaphs of earth are hollow mockeries. If he lives forever, then he is safe, because on earth he furnished the material for his mansions of charity, for God is just and He knows ABRAHAM L. BRICK.

Of his traits as fellow-citizen, neighbor, and friend a lifelong acquaintance says of him:

To his intimate friends Mr. BRICK always maintained that advancement and high standing in the law was his prime ambition, and that it was against both his better judgment and his real inclination that he yielded to the importunities of his friends and entered upon a political career. His eloquence as a speaker, his interest in public affairs and in the success of his party had, however, brought him into political prominence.

The same vigor, earnestness, and assiduous attention to work that had produced the successful lawyer made Mr. BRICK a useful, popular Congressman. A hard worker, effective speaker, and courteous gentleman, the progress of his service placed him high in the regard of his constituents and influential in the councils of his party.

But death ends all activity. There remains but the memory of a reputation. Of the hollowness of fame and power and wealth none were more aware than ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK. At a social function a few years ago at the Oliver Hotel in South Bend, Ind., in honor of an old-time friend, Mr. BRICK spoke feelingly of the elusive baubles of fame and riches which so many pursue to their undoing; and in eloquent words portrayed the higher satisfaction of an ambition devoted to noble purposes, along the cool, sequestered vale of a private career. Was it the heart recalling its own earlier cherished dreams? Doubtless so, for his high ideals, his love of nature, and his poetic temperament often made him yearn for relief from public burdens, but his sense of duty to friends and country held him in the public service. He esteemed public duty to be paramount to personal comfort; therefore he died literally "in the harness."

So, after his life of generosity, of manifold good deeds to others, let us remember his virtues as worthy of our emulation, and as the bleak winds of life toss us hither and thither and submerge our ambitions with billows of misfortune and despair, let us hope that they may ever hum a requiem to the eternal rest of him whose memory we honor here to-day. My hope and my ambition is to succeed his official career well.

And, as appropriate benediction to his life and an inspiration for us, shall we all join in the humble but uplifting consecration vouchsafed to mankind by life's sanctuary in Max Ehrmann's *Kindly Light*:

Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such

as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

ADJOURNMENT.

Then, in accordance with the order heretofore adopted (at 4 o'clock and 34 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

TUESDAY, April 7, 1908.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ABRAHAM L. BRICK, late a Representative from the State of Indiana, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. BEVERIDGE. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions of the House be laid before the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

April 7, 1908.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ABRAHAM L. BRICK, a Representative from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That a committee of sixteen Members of the House be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions; and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect, this House do now recess until Wednesday, April 8, at 11.30 a. m.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Watson, Mr. Crumpacker, Mr. Holliday, Mr. Chaney, Mr. Foster of Indiana, Mr. Gilhams, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Cox of Indiana, Mr. Gillette, Mr. Graff, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Hamilton of Michigan, Mr. Cole, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Alexander of New York.

Mr. BEVERIDGE. Mr. President, on behalf of my colleague [Mr. Hemenway] as well as myself, I submit resolutions and ask for their present consideration.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of HON. ABRAHAM L. BRICK, late a Representative from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Indiana.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and (at 4 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Thursday, April 9, 1908, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MONDAY, *February 15, 1909.*

A message from the House of Representatives transmitted resolutions of the House commemorative of the life and public services of HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Representative from the State of Indiana.

MR. BEVERIDGE. I wish to give notice, that on Saturday, February 27, I shall ask the Senate to consider resolutions commemorative of the life and character of the HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, deceased, late a Member of the House of Representatives from Indiana.

SATURDAY, *February 27, 1909.*

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Edward E. Hale, offered the following prayer:

Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Let us pray.

Father, Thou hast taught us this by Thy word in all ages by Thy well-beloved Son. To-day we are to go back in memory to those who have served Thee here and are now serving Thee in the larger service of that other world.

O God, be with us when we interpret history. Be with us Thou, when we look into the future to see what our own duty may be in these days that are before us. Show Thy servants in the Congress, show all persons in authority in the Nation, what it is to serve the living God and to bring in Thy law for our law, Thy rule for our passion, Thy strength for our weakness, and Thy love to be with us always, that we may bear each other's burdens, that we may find the duty that comes next our hands, that we may enter into that service which is perfect freedom.

We ask it as Thine own children.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Mr. BEVERIDGE. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their adoption.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Indiana offers resolutions, which will be read:

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that a fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

ADDRESS OF MR. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise to pay a tribute of admiration and affection to the memory of the Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK, late Representative in Congress from the Thirteenth Congressional District of Indiana, who departed this life on April 7 of last year. In saying the few words which I shall speak I know that I voice the sentiment of all the people of the Thirteenth District regardless of creeds or parties.

MR. BRICK was born in St. Joseph County May 27, 1860, just at the beginning of that mighty conflict to save the Nation's life, and it was natural that the loyalty of his parents should find their highest expression in bestowing upon their son the name of that wonderful man under whose guidance the Nation came through the desperate peril which for five years threatened its existence.

Very early in life MR. BRICK showed unusual mental gifts, and he was noted even in the common schools for his brilliance of mind. He went through the usual course of our common-school instruction, and finally was graduated from the South Bend High School. Later he attended Cornell, Yale, and Michigan universities. After having graduated from the law department of Michigan University in 1883 he began the practice of law in South Bend.

It was not a great while before ABRAHAM L. BRICK became known as one of the very ablest young lawyers, not only of his district, but of the whole State. Few men of his age anywhere were better grounded in legal principles or acquired a richer legal learning. In 1886 he was elected prosecutor for the counties of St. Joseph and Laporte, and he conducted this office with

such distinction that the people showed their approval by making him their Representative. He was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress and reelected to the Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, and Sixtieth Congresses.

In the House of Representatives he constantly grew in influence and efficiency. He was gradually advanced to the membership of important House committees, his ability and industry in every instance having justified his appointment. His work on the House committees was painstaking and thorough, and his judgment upon matters referred to him for settlement was singularly clear and sound. He won the absolute confidence of his colleagues in the House, regardless of party, and he won it by solid work and careful study. He was approaching the fullness and maturity of his unusual powers when death suddenly laid her hand upon his heart, and he passed away from us for a little while.

Mr. BRICK was a mingling of courage and modesty, of rugged strength and a woman's loveliness, of a lawyer's keenness and a poet's imagination. He was an example of the influence which the tremendous moral and intellectual activities of the people at the time of his birth produced upon the children born during that period. He was delicately sensitive to all the nobler impulses, and his bravery amounted to absolute fearlessness. His mind was electric in its rapid operations, and mathematical in the correctness of its conclusions. In his friendships he was loyal, and his devotion to those to whom he gave his heart was almost passionate.

Not only was he deeply versed in the law, but he was a wide reader of all literature. I shall never forget one particular evening which we spent together in my apartments reading Markham's immortal poem on Abraham Lincoln and talking about the large things of history and fate. His brilliancy of

speech, his fertility of thought, his wide information were as astonishing as they were delightful.

Mr. BRICK was a stalwart Republican. He profoundly believed in what he understood to be the principles of that party, and he felt that the welfare of his country could best be secured by Republican policies and government. He was a partisan, but with him partisanship meant patriotism.

He has gone from our physical presence, but not from our hearts and our memories. No one who ever knew him ever will forget ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK. There are those who look on death as a cruel thing, but I never could share this view. Surely we go hence to something better, purer, nobler; and if we do, death is no more to be regretted than is birth, just as death is no greater a mystery than birth. So death should be accepted as only an incident in an eternal life.

That man is fortunate who, when death comes to him, can leave behind a record of useful work accomplished, of needed things actually done. And particularly fortunate is that man to whom the people give their commission to do their work. As I view it, all good work of every kind, whether in private or public life, is equally important. We can not get along without any of it. The man who digs a well has done as good a thing as the man who erects a monument; the explorer is as admirable as the inventor; the brick mason as necessary as the merchant. But perhaps work done for the people as a public servant, while not of any greater value than any other work, is more distinguished for its largeness and touches more human beings. To do this work fell to the lot of ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK; he did it superbly, and he leaves behind a clean, bright record of labor faithfully performed for the Nation.

ADDRESS OF MR. HEMENWAY, OF INDIANA

MR. PRESIDENT: ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRICK was born in St. Joseph County, Ind., May 27, 1860, and that county was his home until the time of his death, when his body was laid tenderly at rest there forever, and where he is remembered to-day lovingly and pleasantly by thousands of sorrowing friends. We lay aside for a time to-day the cares and duties of public life to pay tribute to his memory, and recall again to our minds his pleasing and charming personality, his high sense of honor and patriotism, and his strong devotion to the service of his people.

The Congress of the United States is made up of men of varied character and temperament, but none render better service to their country than those substantial hard-working men who attend to their duties and are imbued with the desire to work out substantial legislation that will be of real benefit to the people. In fact, it has been said by an eminent Speaker of the House of Representatives that the real work of Congress is done in the committee rooms, where bills are carefully scrutinized, data collected, and information sought as to the real and practical effect of proposed legislation. The value of this work can not be overestimated, and it was here that Mr. BRICK served his country best. He was an able lawyer, with a strong analytical mind, with an honest desire to work out good legislation. He did not spend his time seeking to find out what policy might be popular and then advocate such policy, but he rather tried to determine whether or not a given proposition or policy was right.

This Government of ours is a tremendous business institution, and it will prosper or fall just in the degree in which business

methods are applied in the administration of its affairs. In the fourteen years that I have spent in the American Congress I have observed that more lasting and substantial good has been accomplished by the common-sense, practical legislator who threw aside all desire for popular approval and worked with the purpose of securing good legislation, rather than by the theorist who is always seeking something that will attract attention and abandoning that as soon as he finds something more attractive, and all the while seeming to be impressed with the idea that the weight of nations rests on his shoulders. Mr. BRICK belonged to the former class, and when he passed away the people of his district and the State of Indiana and the whole Nation lost a safe and valuable public servant.

Mr. BRICK was a college graduate, and a scholarly, cultured gentleman; but in addition to this he had a quality which colleges and universities can not give, and without which their training is useless, and that is common sense. He was my personal friend, and I learned to know him for his true worth. He was broad minded, unselfish, and charitable. He was proud of Indiana and of her history. He was honored by her people and he in turn honored them. In Washington he is remembered with respect and pride. In Indiana he is remembered with gratitude.

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